



"MAN MAY BE HAPPY, IF HE WILL."

THAT I deny, unless a genial spark from the perfections of heaven should descend and animate the human soul; or unless envy, prejudice, and all other corrosive passions, should cease to influence the actions of man; unless man should become the friend of man, and benevolence the ruling principle. Then, indeed, a most delightful journey through life should we have. Our feelings would be unharrassed with care, and our short passage to the peaceful grave would be undisturbed by a tear. But, so constituted are our habits, and so insatiable are our desires and ambition, that the earth, with all its pleasing variety, is far from giving quietude and content to our aspiring minds. And, to render our attachment to the world less firm, and our pursuit more precarious, there are calamities, which really exist, and are wisely calculated to reduce the value of all our enjoyments. Virtue is not a sufficient barrier against the assaults of misfortune. The best of men have regrets, and too often feel the stings of a reproachful world. The pious and benevolent christian is compelled to travel through a rugged wilderness of woes, and is often torn by the thorn of affliction, without even the small comfort of an earthly friend, to pour the balm of pity into his wounded heart. True, he has an object to allure and guide his faltering steps;—and a hand, which will never prove treacherous, to sustain him through all the painful vicissitudes of life, and welcome him at last to the end of his journey, where he may rest in security—where disappointment can never reach. Misfortune is often a spontaneous plant, which springs from the soil of accident. Its seed is scattered in the wind, and falls where chance may direct it. The lot of man is nearly equal in this life. All the difference there is, may be deduced from the various degrees of susceptibility in the heart. Whether our troubles arise from real or imaginary causes, the effect produced on the feelings must establish their weight and injury. Some, who gently glide along in the smooth current of prosperity, with dispositions pleasingly adapted to give a zest to all the favorable occurrences of life, think that *man may be happy, if he will*. But, it is not in man fully to govern the propensities of the heart, nor to order the success of every new scene in which he engages. The soul may be overcast with a dark cloud, and every faculty tortured, though every object around him may be drest in the richest garb of joy. There is a certain indelible something within, which operates upon the whole system of sensations. It can bring a man down to a poor miserable bed of straw, or raise him up to heaven; can change beauty into deformity, and the purest happiness into exquisite despair. Every element can do all this;

can veil the heart into sackcloth, or deck it in the beautiful vesture of unalloyed felicity. Thus are man's feelings the sport of accident, or the sport of sensibility: Exposed, on the one hand, to real misfortune; on the other, subject to causeless wretchedness.

Man does not live for himself alone, else half his labor and anxiety might be saved. There is a curious chain, which connects the interests of the whole family of man. Every one has some employment assigned him, some act to perform, on the great theater of life, that he may add his portion to the common stock. His wife, children, aged parents, unfortunate brethern, and distressed friend, claim a share of his earnings. And how delightful, to a benevolent mind, is the task of supplying the necessities of his unprosperous connections, and of wiping away the tear of their disappointments. But, in these truly pleasing and laudable scenes, his heart is sometimes wounded, and his sensibility pierced to the quick. Those whom he has long sought with an anxious hope to please, on whom he has spent a long life of care, sometimes reward him with ingratitude and inveterate hatred. His prosperity is envied by a brother, who would gladly plunge him from his quiet possessions of happy sufficiency, into wretchedness like his own. His children, whom he has tenderly cherished in his bosom, who have many years been the joy and pride of his heart, and on whom he has contemplated with flattering expectations become vagabonds on the earth. The son, who bid fair to gain the esteem of the world, and make a shining character in the first class of men, changes his course, and proves at last to be a vile profligate wretch. The daughter, whom he justly thought, from her accomplishments, was born alone to charm her parents, to soften their cares, and cheer their evening of life, is seduced from virtue's path, and led into the flowery wilds of vicious indulgence, or bestows her hand on a fool, a rake, or a knave. Here a cloud obscures the fond expectations of a parent in midnight darkness. His bosom is pierced with a painful wound, which no time can alleviate, which no art can cure. His poor remnant of life, is a scene of incessant affliction, till his grey hairs, and care furrowed face, in sorrow are yielded up to the silent grave. With respect to the friend of his bosom, the partner of his earnest happiness, whom he had led by the hand in safety through the dangerous path of life; it was a duty, and a delightful employment, to indulge her every wish, to solace her anxieties, and to conceal her errors from the world. In return, he justly expected the sympathetic tear of commiseration, when he was in trouble, the gentle smile of approbation, when he had done worthily, and the lively glow of joy at his prosperity. But these pleasures he did not long enjoy. His

wife, whom he had tenderly loved, and in whose society he had vainly imagined were concentrated all the delights that were necessary to render life completely happy, proves to be the source of more bitterness of soul, than all the foes abroad, and all the disappointments that crowd into his path. This man has a hard task to perform—a hard lot to bear. By the sweat of his brow he is doomed to eat his crust. He has to provide for his family, he has to encounter all the difficulties and dangers of life in pursuit after the means. But when he retires from his arduous toils, if he was kindly saluted by a fond wife, and hailed welcome to the peaceful doors of his own house, his cares would be dissipated, and his labours would be amply rewarded.—But if, instead of this joyful smile at his return, he is met with an ungrateful frown, an ungentle rebuke, the tear of sensibility bursts forth, he reclines his sorrowful head upon his pillow, saying, "This world has no charms for me. I have no friend to rejoice with me, when I am happy, or to feel for me, when I am distressed. The malice of the world I have taught myself to avoid, or patiently to bear; but the causeless displeasure, and unmerited taunts, of an un pitying wife, are wounds too cruel, and can never be healed or forgotten."

Hail, happy man! whoever thou art, who art blessed with a firm constitution, unmoved by the changing of the weather; with a heart that is unhurt by the manners of the world; who art favoured with a circle of well chosen friends, honest and benevolent; an ample portion of the good will of Fortune; children that are virtuous and beloved; a wife that is kind, prudent, condescending, faithful and affectionate: It is thou that mayest sing,

"Man may be happy, if he will;  
I've said it often, and I think so still."

*An illustration of the difficulty in acquiring self-knowledge.*

WHEN Apelles was about to execute a picture of Venice, the goddess of love and of beauty, his object was to concentrate every delicacy of expression, and every grace of contour, of which the human form is susceptible: but who should he choose for a model? He had called a thousand beauteous females, each a Venus in her turn: but that was the language of love—now he must examine the fullness of their form and the accuracy of their proportions, with the rigour of a critic, and the eye of an artist. In each was discovered some partial imperfection: from assembling the beauties of all, then at last he composed his Venus: the damsels to whom the painter had been indebted, flocked with overflowing impatience to behold themselves in the picture, which had spread the renown of Apelles through every city of Greece. "Yes," said



Galatea, casting a careless glance on the canvass, he has really hit my complexion,"—and went away satisfied that she was Venus. Saphira came—and blushed—and smiled! "Poor creatures," said Aspatia, they will burst with envy, for he has copied me to the very shape of my fingers." Appelles had indeed copied the fingers of Aspatia, but that was all. The moral then is, to use the words of our author, that many persons possessing a single feature, or limb, or talent or disposition, worthy of praise or attention; in an evil hour, conscious of their endowment, shall extend it to the whole of their figure and character, and so believe themselves very perfect."

#### ANECDOTE OF CHARLOTTE,

*The unfortunate daughter of Colley Cibber.*

CIBBER the elder, had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieu of Clarkenwell bridewell, not very distant from the new river head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleanings of the streets, and the priests of Cloncina to deposit the offerings from the temples of that all-worshipped power. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch string) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender. A perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule-a-Wife*. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect; and at our author's feet on the bounce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shaggy head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends." The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure—Poor soul! few were visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!—A magpie perched on the top rung of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe

was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served for a succedaneum for a writing desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which without ceremony we contrived to sit down and entered upon business—The work was read, and remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation!—The bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however some altercations ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary harbinger of literature doubled his first proposal with this saying proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. The matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureate and patentee of Drury lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time serving sycophants officially buzzing in her train; yet unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

The account given of this unfortunate woman is literally correct—the writer himself was an eye witness."

#### *The difficulty of concealing guilt.*

*The Story of an Algerine.*

"Mahomet Essendi, dey of Algiers, about the middle of the present century, was reckoned the most able and likewise the most equitable of the princes who have for many years governed the Algerines. His promotion to sovereign power was involuntary; for he no doubt dreaded the fate of his predecessors, of whom no less than 23 perished by violent deaths. He was compelled nevertheless, by the janasaries, to accept of a dignity, which, notwithstanding his justice and sagacity proved as fatal to himself as to former princes; for he also, a short time after his advancement, fell by assassination. The following instance of his justice, in which, however, his procedure was somewhat summary, was also and certainly with as much reason, accounted an instance of his sagacity.—Slaves among the Algerines are permitted either by shop-keeping or otherwise, and on paying their masters a certain sum, to earn a little money for themselves. This they may employ and very frequently do employ, in purchasing their freedom. A slave named Almoullah, kept an oil shop; and found his gains encrease so very fast, that he soon accumulated seventy zequins, amounting to about thirty pounds sterling. Other fifty zequins would have procured him his freedom. Fearing however, as he was reckoned wealthy, that he might be robbed, and have no redress; he gave his money in trust to a moor, who lived in his neighbourhood; and in whose friendship, as

well as integrity, he had the utmost confidence. His profits soon after became so considerable, that he found himself in possession of the fifty zequins he so earnestly wished for. He thus anticipated, with secret rapture, his delivery from bondage and return to his native land. Repairing therefore to his moorish friend, he said to him, "How much beholden am I, worthy Hadgi, to your goodness, in having taken charge of my little earnings! I now intend, as I have gained wherewithal to procure my liberty, to make the best bargain I can with my master, and return to my friends and kindred. I will therefore relieve you of the charge you so kindly undertook." Hadgi be-held him, or pretended to behold him, with a look of astonishment; he affected to believe him mad; and denied his having any knowledge whatever of the transaction he alluded to. Almoullah nevertheless insisted peremptorily on having his money restored to him. So that, after much altercation, the moor apprehending that he could not otherwise secure the possession of what he had so unjustly, ran to the place of Mahomet, whom he found administering justice; and raising his voice, intreated that he would punish a slave for aspersing his "untainted character." But Almoullah, conscious of his integrity, had undauntedly followed him; and obtaining leave of the dey, he told his story with circumstantial firmness and then prostrated himself on the carpet at the foot of the throne. Mahomet, having heard him, beckoned to a chiaoux, or minister of justice: Go," said he, "to the house of Hadgi, search it narrowly, and bring hither all the money you find in it." The chiaoux bowed, obeyed and soon after returned. The dey having then ordered a new earthen pot with clean water poured into it, and a charcoal fire to be placed before him, he put the pot on the fire, and when the water boiled he threw in the money. Soon after, having taken it out, and letting the water stand till it cooled, he found on the surface a thick scum. This convincing him that the money belonged to the oil-man, he instantly restored it to him; and at the same time gave a sign to the chiaoux, who, dragging away the self condemned and convicted moor, fixed his head, without loss of time, on the wall of the city."

From this story two practical remarks occur: first, that it requires less ability to procure honour and independence, than is necessary to the concealment of vice: and, secondly, as wickedness, in general is not difficult to be discerned, and does not long impose upon such, as are not willingly the dupes to it, that excess of suspicion is equally to be avoided in our intercourse with men, as excess of confidence; by the latter we may sometimes be imposed on, by indulging the former, we grow unfocial; in time morose; and at last misanthropical."

#### ANECDOTE.

During the reign of King James the II. and when the people were much oppressed and burdened with taxes, that monarch made a very extensive tour through England; and on his return slept at the palace of Winchester. The Mayor and Corporation, for the honor done them by his royal visit, determined to address his majesty in the morning; but as the Mayor could neither read nor write, it was agreed the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion.

Accordingly, being introduced into the royal presence, and every thing ready for the sermo-



ay, the Recorder by way of encouragement to the Mayor, who appeared awkward and embarrassed, gently jogged his elbow, and at the same time whispered in his ear, "Hold up your head—Look like a Man." The Mayor, mistaking this for the beginning of the speech, stared the King boldly in the face, and with a loud voice repeated "Hold up your head—Look like a man." The recorder, amazed at the behaviour in the same manner, again whispered the mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The mayor instantly repeated, "What the devil do you mean?" The recorder chagrined at this untoward circumstance, and fearing his majesty's displeasure, still whispering in the Mayor's ear, said, "By G—d, Sir, you will ruin us all!" which the Mayor taking to be a continuance of the speech, and still staring the King in the face with a louder voice than before repeated. "By G—d, Sir you will ruin us all!" The King on this rose with some anger; but being informed of the cause of this rough address, his Majesty was pleased to pass by with a smile, and the corporation was perfectly satisfied with the honor done them.

#### SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

IN one of the temples in the empire of Pegu, they educate their virgins. Every year on the festival of the idol, they sacrifice one of these unhappy creatures. The priest, in his sacerdotal habit, strips her naked, strangles her, plucks out her heart, and throws it in the idol's face. The sacrifice being ended, the priest dines, dresses himself in a habit of a horrible form, and dances before the people. In other temples of the same country men only are sacrificed. For this purpose a handsome well made slave is bought, who being dressed in a white robe, and washed three successive mornings, is at length shewn to the people. The fourth day the priest opens his breast, plucks out his heart, sprinkles the idol with his blood, and eats his flesh as sacred food. "Innocent blood, say the priests, ought to expiate the sins of the nation: besides it is necessary that some should go to the great God to put in mind of his people." It is, however, proper to remark, that the priests never charge themselves with this commission.

#### NEWARK, NOVEMBER 3.



#### MARRIAGES.

At Elizabeth-town, on Sunday evening last, **JOSEPH JACOB DE HART**, of Philadelphia, to **MARY SALLY JOUET**, of Elizabeth-town.

#### THE MORALIST.

No offence can cancel the original obligation which lies upon all men that love one another.—coming from the same source—children of one father who is in heaven—partakers of a common nature—fellow travellers through a dangerous and painful pilgrimage—and heirs of the same immortal hopes, man is connected with man by the strongest and dearest ties.—though your enemy has broken through ties, it forms no warrant for you to assist his folly or his madness in tearing them asunder. Charity requires to distinguish between a

man and his actions: and, even when these are most censurable and offensive, to remember that the offender is still a brother. This principle is the vital spirit of the christian religion as it respects our intercourse with mankind, and is the great cement of the universal family of God.

#### Comforts of Religion.

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty, who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline in the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stripped of their friends, their children and perhaps still more tender connections. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships.—The principal sources of activity are taken away when those for whom we labour are cut off from us, those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortune has softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

It should therefore be expected that those philosophers, who stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of this rest of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals and their happiness.—It might be expected that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures, and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt these truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

#### DETACHED SENTENCES.

If Economy be not the vital principle of virtue it is at least so essential to its existence that without it every fair promise of character will soon wither.

Profusion is the parent of want and want makes villains of us all.

He who sleeps long in the morning, and sits up late at night, hurts his Constitution without gaining time—and he who will do it merely in compliance with the fashion, ought not to repine at a *fashionable state of bad health*.

Infidelity is the first waking dream of a mind which has long slumbered in inactivity and been subdued by deceit. A *rational faith* is a long and sober exertion of the best faculties of man.

A contented mind and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

#### CURIOSITIES.

A correspondent informs us, that in passing the town of Newhaven, Connecticut, on the 14th Oct. he saw children picking *Strawberries*, which on examination he found to be fresh, and equally as good as those gathered in the month of June.

There are now growing *twenty-four* cabbage-heads on *one* stump in a garden in the town of Rutland, Vermont.

An apple tree in the town of Rutland is now bearing apples of a *second growth* this year. They are of the size of a pigeon's egg. A number of the trees in the same orchard are now in blossom.

#### SINGULARITY of the celebrated Mr. BURKE.

WHEN exhausted by study instead of invigorating himself by spirits or wine, Mr. Burke drank large quantities of *very hot* water—Sometimes four or five quarts in a morning—*Warm water* he said would relax and nauseate, but *hot water* was the best stimulant and restorative in the world.

From a single hive of bees, the property of Mr. Finmore of Fullscot Farm, England, 85 lb. weight of honey has been taken this season, and there is nearly the same quantity left for the support of the industrious little labourers during the winter.

The wife of a Mr. James McDonald of Whiteslown, (Mohawk County, New-York state,) lately got so enraged with her infant child, that she threw it into the fire, and burnt it to death!—For which monstrously inhuman and barbarous act, she is condemned shortly to end her days in the same awful manner!

#### MAXIM.

CONTENTMENT is the truest riches, and covetousness the greatest poverty. He is not rich that has much, but he that has enough. That man is poor that covets more, and yet wants a heart to enjoy what he already has.

#### ANECDOTE.

A DAUGHTER of labour, who had been in service in the pottery business from her childhood when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might rest her bones. Hymen, at length listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, nothing loath. Some time afterwards, her late mistress meeting her asked, "Well Mary, have you rested your bones yet?" "Yes, indeed," replied she, with a sigh, "my jaw lones."



#### OBITUARY.

DIED, lately at Philadelphia, Mrs. SARAH SWARTS, in the 99th year of her age.

On Tuesday se'nnight dropped down and instantly expired, Mr. George Maddock, grocer in Nottingham. From his extreme corpulency, his remains were obliged to be drawn on a drag to Radford for interment. The breadth of his coffin was 3ft. 4 1-2 in. and the depth 2ft. 3 in.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

### THE PROSTITUTE.

BY MR. LISTER.

**P**oor profligate, I will not chide thy sins;  
What, though the coldly virtuous turn away,

And the proud priest should stalk indignant by,  
And deem himself polluted should he hold  
A moment's converse with thy guilty soul,  
Yet, thou shalt have my tear—To such as thou,  
Sinful, abas'd, and unbefriended, came  
The world's great Saviour; from his gentle lip  
No word of high reproof or bitter scorn  
Fell chilly? but his exhortation mild  
Bade the meek radiance of celestial hope  
Beam on the faded brow: "Who first shall  
throw"

"Against this woman the accusing stone"  
Sullen behold the envious Levite shrink  
Whispering his muttered curse of angry shame,  
While busy conscience slumbers now no more.  
Hear this ye hard reprovers of mankind,  
Ye to the charms of taste and fancy dead,  
Who thro' the world's tumultuous passage keep  
Your cold and even tenor: hear and blush  
Ye unkind comforters, who as ye pour  
The nauseous poison of the keen reproof  
In phatiasic spleen, are studious more  
To boast the virtues of their own proud hearts  
Than medicine with hope the trembling wretch  
That calls on you to bless his parting breath.

Yes hapless outcast thou shalt have my tear;  
Thou once was fairer than the morning light,  
Thy breast unsullied as the meadows flow'r  
Wash'd by the dews of May. What if thine eye,  
Once eloquent to speak the souls pure thought,  
Dart with insidious leer the lustful glance?  
What if thy breast, which in thy morn of life  
Just kindling to the infant thought of love  
Trembled in sweet confusion, rudely now  
Pant with fierce passion and more fierce despair?  
What if thine alter'd voice, no longer soft  
Or plaintive, hoarsely meet the startled ear  
With horrid imprecation? Not on thee  
Shall fall the curse of heaven, but on the wretch,  
Fell as the lion on Numidia's wilds  
That with blood-streaming fangs and bristling  
mane

Growls o'er his human banquet—on the wretch  
Who dress'd in sunny smiles and April tears  
Won on thy virgin heart, and having cropt  
Briefly, the luscious flower of thy young love,  
Soon left thee as the poor and naked stalk  
Now worthless, to abide the wintry blast  
The chilling tempest of the world's proud scorn.

Say when with falt'ring tongue and down-  
cast eye

He spake delicious music, and thine heart  
Suspected not deceit, and as he press'd  
Thy throbbing bosom to his burning lips  
O'er all thy frame the soft delirium stole,  
Oh could thy cheated fancy dare to think  
That one so dear to thy deluded heart,  
So prodigal of vows, could coldly turn  
And smile on thy undoing as the theme

Of youthful triumph? yes he left thee thus  
Thy parent's curse, the world's unpitied scorn  
To earn the fleeting wages of disgrace,  
Thy sad remains of life to linger out  
In hopeless prostitution—shame  
And penitence which all would now refuse  
And shun thee as the pestilential blight,  
No hope awaits thee, but in him alone  
Who knows each secret spring that moves the  
heart  
And with no narrow justice rules the world.

Farewell poor profligate, and as I give  
The trifle to avert to-morrow's want  
Should no licentious drunkard make the rich  
Oh could I to thy bosom's hell impart  
One ray of that pure light of virtuous thought  
Which e'er the foul seducer ravening came,  
Glow'd with mild radiance in thy angel face.

### On the death of a favorite Infant daughter of a celebrated Painter.

BY A LADY.

"AH! what avails the master's art,  
Which strews fresh laurels o'er the brave?  
Can genius blunt affliction's dart,  
Or snatch one blossom from the grave?"

"Could dews the blasted flow'r restore,  
Or sorrow's voice the past recall;  
The feeling heart should bleed no more,  
No more the drops of anguish fall!"

"Could pity's sympathizing groan  
Re-animate the beauteous clay;  
Restore the rose forever flown,  
Or stop the spirit on its way;"

"Then Science for her favour'd son  
Would wrap in weeds her mourning head,  
And pomp and gaudy-triumph shun,  
To bid the grave give up her dead."

"To life, perhaps to future woe,  
Which rests in her untimely urn,  
To all the pangs which laid her low,  
The smiling cherub should return!"

"Now rob'd in innocence divine,  
She soars to gain her native home;  
And there shall pure and spotless shine,  
And there with sister-seraphs roam:"

"There now in amaranthine bow'rs,  
She tunes to joy her little song:  
And holy rapture marks the hours,  
All radiant as they glide along:"

"Or, watching o'er maternal woe,  
Imparts soft comfort to the breast;  
Or forms to deck her parent's brow,  
The destin'd chaplet of the blest."

"Perhaps to hail their future doom,  
The spirit may expectant stray  
Beyond the terrors of the tomb,  
To guide their everlasting way."

"Yet sacred to the feeling soul,  
Are now the tender tears that flow;  
Tears which no reason can controul,  
The sad resource of human woe."

"Still, tho' remote, to future peace,  
Let hope direct the weeping eye;  
And point to joys that never cease,  
And world where never heaves a sigh."

### SONNET—TO PITY.

CLEAR as the dew drop on the thorn,  
Pure as the breeze that sweeps the sky  
Sweet as the blooming flowers of morn,  
Is the mild tear in Pity's eye.

Rais'd from a truly generous heart,  
The pearly drop ne'er flow'd in vain;  
It came to ease the wretch's smart,  
It came to soothe the bed of pain.

Benignant pow'r! by few possess'd,  
Oh! may I ever call thee mine!  
Inspired by thee, still may my breast  
To ev'ry generous act incline.

Full oft may my bosom know  
The pleasures that from pity flow.

### LINES

To the memory of Miss WESCOT, of Philadelphia  
who died in September, 1798.

Go, spotless honor, and unsullied truth,  
Go, smiling innocence and blooming youth;  
Go, female sweetness, join'd with manly sense,  
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;  
Go, soft humanity, that bless'd the poor,  
Go, Saint-ey'd patience from afflictions door;  
Go, modesty, that never wore a frown,  
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.

### Extract from LANGHORNE's second Epistle on the ENLARGEMENT of the MIND.

"WHEN first the trembling eye receives the  
day,  
Eternal forms on young perception play;  
Eternal forms affect the mind alone,  
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown,  
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,  
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!  
The crystal waves as eager to prevade,  
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade:  
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,  
And wing the thought that falters on its way;  
When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,  
The sure effect exploring in the cause,  
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,  
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child:  
On her fair flock the blooming scyon grows,  
And brighter tho' revolving seasons blows.  
Yes, beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt thou  
shine,  
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;  
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,  
Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day."

### EPIGRAM—ON A DUMB MAN.

OUR English Bards have often sung,  
A wise man always holds his tongue;  
And that it is an easy matter,  
To find a fool out by his chatter.  
How wise must Tom be! for I've heard,  
He never spoke a single word.

### ON A MILL.

THIS house of wheels sure seems to look,  
Much like a monstrous wooden clock;  
Yet with this difference one may say,  
Clocks tell how much time steals away,  
But millers manage tolls so well,  
Tho' mills clack loud, they never tell!

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.